

THE SUNNY SOUTH

Won the Admiration of the Editorial Association.

VERY READABLE ACCOUNT OF IT

By Mr. J. K. Hall—A Letter that will Make Everybody Long to Go South—The Editors were Well Received Everywhere, and Special Courtesy was Extended at Many Places They Visited.

(Written for the Intelligencer.)

The National Editorial Association was organized in 1885. Once each year the editors meet in convention, and the rivalry that is shown by the different sections to secure the conventions seems to be second only to that experienced in locating the conventions of the two great political parties. Perhaps the most pleasant of these annual outings was the one just held in St. Augustine, Florida. This convention was composed of about 400 delegates, many of them being accompanied by their wives and daughters. Nearly every state and territory in the union was represented. The itinerary was admirably arranged by Secretary Page. The delegates west of the Ohio river went by special train from St. Louis. The eastern contingent met at the Metropolitan Hotel in Washington and left there Friday afternoon, January 17, in a special train of four Pullman coaches with one baggage car. One car was filled by New York state delegates headed by Frank B. Garrett, of the Syracuse Times. ("Papa") whom everyone was glad to know. The New England states were allotted one car. Pennsylvania delegates filled one car, their delegation being the largest at the convention. It was headed by State Senator Thomas V. Cooper, of Lehigh, who was collector of the port of Philadelphia under President Harrison, and for many years chairman of the State Republican Committee; he is a firm believer in Quay and thinks he will be the Republican nominee for President; R. H. Thomas, of Mechanicsburg, who was elected president of the association for the ensuing year; and a number of other prominent people whom space prevents me from mentioning. The fourth car was filled with delegates from West Virginia, Maryland and Virginia. The West Virginia contingent were: W. S. Wiley, of New Martinsville, who was designated by Secretary Page to take charge of the eastern contingent, and he was complimented by everybody for his splendid arrangement of every detail; Col. C. L. Smith and wife, of Fairmont; T. H. Dennis and wife, of Lewisburg; J. O. Thompson, of Keyser; J. E. Fleming, Mrs. Della Evans and Mrs. I. G. Lazzell, of Morgantown; J. F. Thompson and wife, of Martinsburg; J. S. Seldin, of Kingwood; M. G. Sperry, of Clarksburg, and J. K. Hall, of Wheeling.

The special was run over the Pennsylvania road to Quantico, where it was taken by the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad to Chesapeake, S. C. A stop of one hour was made at Richmond for supper. The next morning at 8 o'clock we reached Savannah, Georgia, having passed through the states of North and South Carolina during the night. Breakfast was taken at the DeSoto hotel, a grand structure occupying an entire square and costing over \$1,000,000. The forenoon was spent in driving around this beautiful southern city and in a trip to the far-famed Bonaventure Cemetery. Here stretch out long avenues lined with live oak trees covered with the graceful Spanish moss artistically and effectively displayed by nature's master hand, drooping almost to the carriage top, impressing one as certainly an ideal resting place for the dead.

We left Savannah at 2 p. m. Saturday. Our train had been taken in charge at Charleston by Col. B. W. Wrenn, general traffic agent for the Plant System of railroads, which includes over 3,000 miles in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Florida, with direct steamer connections to Cuba and Jamaica. We stopped at Suwanee Sulphur Springs for supper. This is a popular resort and sanitarium located on the banks of the famous Suwanee river. After supper the large dining room was cleared and two hours were spent in dancing to the music of a celebrated colored orchestra. Here we were to meet the western contingent, but owing to some delay, they did not arrive until midnight. The aged and infirm, however, were taken to the hotel for the night. Tampa is a city of 21,000 inhabitants. It is the terminus of the Plant System of railroads on the west coast of Florida and the port for loading the steamers.

When the railroad reached Tampa in 1884 the population was only 500. The principal reason for this steady increase has been the establishment of cigar factories, the first one being located here in 1885. Now there are 125 factories, employing over 5,000 hands, mostly Cubans. The yearly internal revenue collections amount to \$300,000 and the custom receipts are \$500,000 annually.

A visit to one of these large factories is full of interest. You will find from three to four hundred Cubans of all shades and color seated at their tables silently plying their trade. In the centre of the room, elevated on a rude pulpit, a man is reading aloud to these workmen. He reads eight hours a day, four in the morning and four in the afternoon. He is an educated Spaniard, reads in the native tongue and chooses his own matter. At intervals he pauses to allow his hearers to comment upon what they have heard. Each pays a cent a day for this oral instruction.

The Tampa Bay Hotel, the crowning effort of Mr. H. R. Plant, the president of the Plant System, is located on the banks of the Hillsborough river, in the centre of a park of 150 acres of groves, avenues, gardens, fountains, bridges and water ways. It is certainly one of the grandest structures ever designed for a winter resort, over 1,200 feet long, four stories high, each room an outside room. The interior is furnished and decorated in the most exquisite taste. The furniture is mostly imported. There are cabinets, paintings, statuary, bric-a-brac—in fact nothing that artistic taste can suggest or unlimited means purchase is wanting to make the Tampa Bay Hotel one of the most luxurious and attractive public places of abode on the American continent.

Shortly after our arrival here the western contingent came in 300 strong. The forenoon was spent in renewing old acquaintances and meeting new friends. On our arrival here a sportsy looking individual circulated through the crowd and invited all to attend a cock fight that was to be "pulled off" near the hotel in the afternoon. He was followed by a minister who invited all to attend a meeting of the Brotherhood of St. Andrews. I do not think either met with much success, as the majority of the visitors either took the train to Tampa Bay, nine miles away, to see the arrival of the steamer Olivette from Cuba, or a yacht ride on the beautiful Hillsborough river.

The next morning, through the kindness of Colonel Wrenn, the steamer Olivette was placed at our disposal for

a ride of twenty miles down the bay to the Gulf of Mexico. This excursion proved one of the most pleasant on our trip. Refreshments were served on the boat, while Havana cigars of the best quality were freely passed around. Captain Handlan, of the Olivette, opened a box of cigars he had brought from Cuba, especially for the editors and everybody for once smoked cigars without being ashamed of themselves. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we returned all with the avowed intention of making a trip to Cuba with the jolly Captain Handlan.

At 8 o'clock Monday evening we left Tampa for St. Augustine, where the convention was to meet, and where we were to spend four days. We arrived at 9 o'clock the next morning. Great preparations had been made for our reception, a committee having met us at Jacksonville. The Alcazar hotel having been made the headquarters of the association, most of the delegates stopped there, but a number took advantage of the low rate offered on this occasion by the Ponce de Leon, which is known as one of the finest hotels in the world. A number also stopped at the Cordova.

I will not attempt to describe the three hotels, the Ponce de Leon, Alcazar and Cordova, built by Mr. Flagler, the multi-millionaire, Standard Oil and railroad man. He must have seen a wonderful future for St. Augustine when he converted the low swampy ground surrounding the old town into the beautiful town and built thereon these palaces of stone that can only be appreciated rightly by seeing them. The local committee had prepared an elaborate programme for the editors and our four days sojourn there was very enjoyably spent. The meetings of the association were held in the assembly room of the Cordova, and while very interesting, were made as short as possible. A reception and lunch given by the ladies of St. Augustine at Old Fort Marion, a dinner at the Ponce de Leon, a dance at the St. Marco hotel, dancing and bathing at the Casino, an oyster roast on the ocean beach, Anastasia Island, a visit to the light house, the celebrated Coquina quarries, from which was taken all of the coquina or shell rock with which the fort, sea wall and old Spanish houses of St. Augustine were constructed, the old slave market, the cathedral, the beautiful memorial Presbyterian church built by Mr. Flagler, and many other places of interest served to make the four days stay St. Augustine very pleasant ones to all the visitors.

Up until a year or so ago St. Augustine was the Mecca for all northern people who went to Florida to escape the cold winters of the north, but Mr. Flagler has found that his investments there have been paying, and has extended his railroad on down along the coast for 200 miles to Fort Worth. Saturday morning we left St. Augustine. The western train had been attached to ours, making a solid train of fourteen Pullman and two baggage cars. We were scheduled to stop two hours at Daytona, a town of 1,200 inhabitants, beautifully situated on the banks of the Halifax river, about sixty miles south of St. Augustine. The citizens were out in force to meet us with all kinds of vehicles from the common farm wagon to the trolley coach, or if you chose, a bicycle.

I was struck by the number of wheels and on inquiry was informed that over 500 bicycles were owned by the 1,200 residents. It certainly was an ideal place for a wheelman. The two hours ride was delightful and I think Daytona is destined to be one of the finest resorts in Florida in the near future. A ride of half an hour brought us to Ormond, where we were to spend Saturday night and part of Sunday. The Hotel Ormond is located on a peninsula between the Halifax river and the ocean and is surrounded by beautiful drives. The time here was spent in boating on the river, driving and strolling on the ocean beach, which stretched out for twenty miles along the coast, as smooth as a floor. Sunday at 2 p. m. we started for Palm Beach, 25 miles further south, which we reached at 9 o'clock in the evening. Here, to my mind, we found the garden spot of Florida. The Royal Poinciana Hotel is situated on a narrow strip of land, from one-fourth of a mile wide, lying between the ocean and Lake Worth, and surrounded by groves of tropical fruits and plants.

The grounds, as well as every one of the 600 rooms, was brilliantly lighted with electric lights and looked, as we crossed the bridge over the lake, like an enchanted castle rising in the midst of fairy land.

The train stopped right at the entrance of the hotel and the crowd of 500 were all comfortably located in their rooms within fifteen minutes. This hotel was built on the completion of the railroad to Fort Worth in 1894, and I was informed the first winter was so crowded with guests that Mrs. Ulysses Grant slept on a cot in the parlor. Last summer the Palm Beach Inn, a fine hotel of 350 rooms, was built to accommodate the increasing demand for this winter. Here we first saw the oranges growing on the trees. The heavy freeze of last winter almost entirely wiped out the orange trees of Florida. We passed hundreds of groves where the old trees had been killed by the frost, cut down to the ground and new ones planted. It will be several years before Florida oranges will be plentiful in the northern markets again. It was a common occurrence to meet a man who has moved into one of the little towns and gone to work at something to tide him over until his orange grove again puts forth its golden fruit.

The two days at Palm Beach were very pleasantly spent in fishing, sailing on the lake, bathing in the ocean in a surf that rivals any on the Atlantic coast. Standing on the reef the waves made by the Gulf Stream can plainly be seen about a mile from the shore. The water here on the 26th day of January was 71 degrees Fahrenheit, and the atmosphere comparatively as warm. The ground on this narrow strip between the lake and ocean has become very valuable, and is owned mostly by rich northern people who have built fine houses and spend their winters here. Mayor Swift, of Chicago, has one of the finest. We visited the farm of fifty acres owned by Mr. Clark, of Pittsburgh. He paid \$50,000 for the place, and he has expended much more in improving it. On this place we found oranges, lemons, bananas, coconuts, pineapples, as well as tomatoes and all the smaller fruits and vegetables, ripe and ready for use. I was informed that the Royal Poinciana, open for guests from the 1st of January to April 15th last year, cleared Mr. Flagler over \$20,000, but not satisfied with this grand achievement the railroad is being extended on south through the Everglades, and next year at Biscayne Bay, seventy-five miles further south, another grand resort will be located. We left Palm Beach all regretting that our stay there could not have been extended.

Fifty miles north of Palm Beach is located the pineapple belt of Florida. Here at Eden we stopped for an hour to examine a pineapple plantation. I had the good fortune to meet here Mr. John Sorenson, who left Wheeling twenty years ago for the mining regions in the west. Falling in this, six years ago he located at Jensen, fifteen miles south of here, with less than \$500, and invested it in pineapple lands, and he says he would not take \$20,000 for his investment to-day. The following taken from a letter I have received from Mr. Sorenson since my arrival home will perhaps be interesting:

JENSEN, FLA., Jan. 29, 1896. The culture of pineapples begins with the clearing of the land and planting it with slips of a small shoot growing in a hole not far from the base of the apple. After the plants have taken root we apply a little cotton seed meal as a fertilizer, and later some more, so that we give to an acre about a ton each year. Eighteen months after planting they fruit for the first time, and then every year if well taken care of for ten or twelve years. They are kept clean by using a scuffle or push hoe, simply to keep out weeds.

The red Spanish is the variety mostly planted, and an acre will bring \$400 to \$600 a year. Of other kinds we have the Sugar Leaf, Abacca, Smuth Cayenne, Trinidad Blood, Egyptian Queen, Envy City and many more. I have at least fifteen different kinds. Some of these will frequently grow to weigh fifty pounds.

There is one thing in favor of growing pineapples, and that is, the very limited space of land on which they can be grown. It begins about fifteen miles north of this place. At Eden it is less than one-quarter mile wide, from Indian river to lowlands, or flat woods. At Jensen it is three-quarters mile wide and then tapers out to nothing. There are spots here and there, a few at Palm Beach; that is all. They cannot be grown on the gulf coast nor in California. We have shipped lots of plants there, but they would not grow. By that you will see that good pineapple land is worth having, as there is no danger of over-production. The climate is fine here; the summer days but little warmer than it is now. To-day is 72 degrees, and 87 degrees is the average heat in summer. Give my regards to T. Kober, Messrs. Riester, the Stifels and others I may know. Yours truly, JOHN SORENSON.

A very good practical joke was played on the innocent editors at St. Lucie, a few miles above Eden, by a couple of northern men who were guests at that place. They had some Indians bring in a couple of wagon loads of wild oranges, which were pulled up in plain view of the train, and almost before the train stopped the people were climbing over each other to buy what they thought to be the celebrated Indian river fruit, which the Indians sold as fast as they could count them out at 25 cents per dozen. After nearly everybody on board had been supplied with from one to four dozen the train pulled out. The oranges were not fit to eat, but everybody took the joke good-naturedly, and our train looked like a southern California fruit train on exhibition. At 10 o'clock p. m. we arrived at Jacksonville, having stopped at Rockledge, a beautiful resort on the Indian river, for dinner. At Jacksonville the majority stopped at the Windsor Hotel, which is run by one of the Lelandas, whose name is always a guarantee for a good hotel.

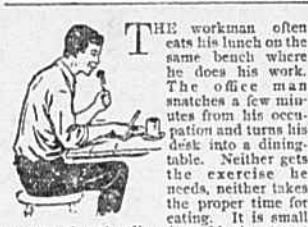
The committee at Jacksonville had prepared a steamer trip down the beautiful St. Johns river to the ocean. This was thoroughly enjoyed by all. We returned to Jacksonville at 2 p. m. and spent the afternoon in sight-seeing in the business metropolis of Florida. Here we parted with the western contingent, they going west to Mobile, and we north to Charleston, where we arrived at 9 o'clock Friday morning.

We were met at the depot by Mayor Smythe and a committee of citizens with about fifty open carriages, driven to the hotel for breakfast, after which we were driven over this beautiful and historic city. We left Charleston at 5 p. m., all well pleased with the hearty reception we had met with on our short visit. The next morning at 7 o'clock we arrived at Washington City. We had beautiful weather during our trip, and all came home with the avowed intention of attending, if possible, the next convention, which will be held in Galveston, Texas, with a trip to the City of Mexico. J. K. H.



YESTERDAY'S DEPARTURES. Zanesville...LORENA, 1 a. m. Pittsburgh...BEN HUR, 4 a. m. Cincinnati...RUTH, 11 a. m. Pittsburgh...H. K. BEDFORD, 9 a. m. Cincinnati...VIRGINIA, 10 a. m. Pittsburgh...KEYSTONE STATE, noon. BOATS LEAVING TO-DAY. Clarington...JEWEL, 2:30 p. m. Parkersburg...BEN HUR, 4 p. m. BOATS LEAVING TO-MORROW. Cincinnati...KEYSTONE STATE, 8 a. m. Pittsburgh...HUDSON, 8 a. m. Pittsburgh...H. K. BEDFORD, 8 a. m. Parkersburg...LIBERTY, 11 a. m. Martinsburg...LENA, 11 a. m. Clarington...JEWEL, 3:50 p. m.

The Lorena, Ruth and Ben Hur departed on good time yesterday morning, all with good trips. The marks at 6 p. m. showed 17 feet 7 inches and stationary. The rise did not reach the predicted twenty-feet mark on account of the sudden cold snap which cut short the tail-end of the rise. There is now very little snow at head-



THE workman often sits like a cat on the same bench where he does his work. The office man snatches a few minutes from his occupation and turns his desk into a dining-table. Neither gets the exercise he needs, neither takes the proper time for eating. It is small wonder that the digestion of both gets out of order.

Nature works as hard as she can, but there are some things she cannot stand. If a marmoset some foreign substance into the works of his watch, he doesn't expect the watch to run until the impediment is removed. His own digestive system is a much more wonderful and delicate mechanism than that of a watch, and yet he neglects it and abuses it. He lets it get out of order, and refuses to help it. In the end his neglect reacts with terrible force upon himself. The reaction comes on gradually, however, so that sometimes he scarcely suspects the cause.

The cause of nine-tenths of the sickness of the world is constipation—a condition so common that four people out of five take it as a matter of course. From this one cause come indigestion; disorders of the stomach, liver and kidneys; biliousness, headaches, flatulence, heartburn, impurity of the blood and the serious complications that follow. To begin with, constipation is a painful thing, and a little thing will cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are tiny, sugar-coated granules. They give to nature just the little help she needs. They are as gentle as they are efficient, and will perfectly cure the worst cases of constipation. There is nothing in the world like them, so there can be nothing "just as good." The druggist who tries to sell you something else has his own interest in view and not yours.

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waters and no immediate prospect of very high water. The Tornado with empties passed up for Pittsburgh, at 4 p. m.

The cold weather is fast making ice in the upper rivers and some is expected to pass here to-day.

The Keystone State cleared for Pittsburgh at noon, with an excellent trip from Cincinnati. The Keystone encountered rough weather Saturday night.

The Virginia was an hour late in departing on account of engagements at Brilliant, Aetna-Standard and Riverside mill landings, where she added 100 tons of manufactured iron and steel. There was no nails in the lot, the Hudson having cleared them up on her last week's trip.

The H. K. Bedford encountered a terrific snow storm just at Boreville, down the river, on Saturday night. The snow was so heavy that the pilot could not see the boat's chimneys for a while. The Bedford was late in passing up for Pittsburgh on account of having her boilers repaired.

Oil City—River 3 feet 9 inches and falling. Clear and cold.

Pittsburgh—River 12.3 feet and falling at the dam. Weather clear and cold.

Steubenville—River 15 feet 6 inches and falling. Clear and cold. Down—Crescent, Belle Prince, B. C. Fisher and Sam Brown. Up—Ben Hur, D. T. Watson, H. K. Bedford, Ruth, Keystone State.

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	MARKED FROM	DOWN TO		MARKED FROM	DOWN TO
Mahogany Chamber Suits	\$160 00	\$140 00	Curley Birch Chamber Suit	\$150 00	\$105 00
Mahogany Chamber Suits	135 00	90 00	Curley Birch Chamber Suit	65 00	48 00
Sycamore Chamber Suits	80 00	50 00	Curley Birch Chamber Suit	50 00	43 00
Walnut Chamber Suits	135 00	85 00	Combination Folding Bed	65 00	45 00
English Oak Chamber Suits	100 00	65 00	Combination Ghiffonier	40 00	28 00
Antique Oak Chamber Suits	150 00	125 00	Child's Folding Bed	9 00	6 00
Antique Oak Chamber Suits	115 00	75 00	Oak Chiffonier	25 00	18 69
Antique Oak Chamber Suits	65 00	55 00	Oak Chiffonier	18 00	12 00
Antique Oak Chamber Suits	60 00	45 00	Ladies' Oak Desk	16 00	10 00
Antique Oak Chamber Suits	80 00	70 00	Ladies' Oak Desk	7 00	5 00
Antique Oak Chamber Suits	55 00	45 00	Ladies' Oak Desk	18 00	11 00

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